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NAS
Bunbur-

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY:

AND

OTHER NARRATIVES.

BY

MISS SELINA BUNBURY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It has long been my ambition to write a little book; but if I have succeeded in this my first attempt, my merit only consists in having recorded, as faithfully as memory now permits, a relation of circumstances that occurred several years ago. They were forcibly recalled to my mind a few evenings since, by hearing an Irish lady sing the following somewhat singular, yet beautiful hymn, which is so much the subject of this little narrative:—

“I am glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory;
When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.
’Tis glory’s foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory;
Then praise my Saviour and my King
Like those who dwell in glory.

" I hope to praise him when I die,
In glory, glory, glory ;
And shout salvation as I fly,
To glory, glory, glory ;
I'll sing while mounting through the air,
To glory, glory, glory,
Then meet my Father's children there,
In glory, glory, glory.

" A few more rising suns at most,
Sing glory, glory, glory ;
And we shall join the ransomed host,
In glory, glory, glory ;
Upon Mount Sion we shall meet,
In glory, glory, glory,
Then cast our crowns beneath his feet,
In glory, glory, glory.

" Come, sinners, come along with us,
To glory, glory, glory,
There's room enough in that blest place,
Where Jesus dwells in glory ;
Believe, repent, seek holiness,
And glory, glory, glory,
For God does freely give us grace
And glory, glory, glory."

GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

A GOOD many years ago, a young man who was a clerk in a large mercantile house in a great city, was sent by his employer to settle some business with a gentleman who lived in the same town. It so happened that when he came to this gentleman's house, the family were at dinner, and as the young man had had a very long walk, he was asked in to wait until he was at liberty to see him. He sat a few minutes alone in the room into which he had been shown, and then he heard a little step patting up and down the lobby, and presently the door was a little bit opened, but no one appeared; and then it was pushed a little more open, and at last a pretty rosy little face peeped in at it. Now this young man was very fond of children,

and as he lived where he never saw any, he was more glad to meet them when he went out. So he smiled and nodded his head, and then a little girl of about three years old came into the room and smiled too, but hung her head on one side, and looked as if she thought herself not quite right in coming in to see the stranger.

She was a lovely little child, and her bright fair hair, which was not put in papers at night, hung all down her neck in long natural curls.

She soon became friends with her papa's strange visiter, and he took her on his knee and began to talk to her. Now this young man was, as I said before, like many other kind and affectionate people, very fond of little children, but he remembered that there was another who loved them still better than he did, and that was Jesus Christ, and he loved Christ, and always wished, as well as he could, to imitate his example: and so he showed his love to children much in the same way Jesus did when on earth, for he

had a Sunday-school where he spent the only day he could spend as he pleased, in teaching children how to be happy; for the only way to be happy is to love God, and to know that God loves us, and to be thankful to him for all his mercies, and to serve and to please him all the days of our lives.

And thus when this young man felt to love the sweet playful child that had stolen in to see him, he thought of Christ's love, he thought that even for her he had shed his blood, and that if she had been among those who once were brought to him, he would have taken her up in his arms, put his hands upon her, and blessed her.

He wished to know if this little girl had ever heard of the love of Jesus, but he soon found she had not; he asked her did she know any hymns, but he saw no one had ever told her anything of religion.

Many persons, perhaps, would think she was too young to be taught much; but very young children can understand that God loves them, and wishes to make them good

that they may be happy; and that they are not good till God makes them so, but have bad hearts and bad feelings, and love what is wrong more than what is right; and that Jesus died to save them from the punishment of sin, because God hates sin and must punish it, and that they must ask Jesus to take away their sins, to make them love what is good and right, to make them like himself, that they may go to him, and see him and serve him for ever and ever.

Well, this young man told the little girl of Jesus, and how he loves children, and what he did and suffered to save them from sorrow and sin and bring them to heaven, and then he repeated to her two or three verses of hymns; I am sorry that I quite forget what one of these hymns was, and I suppose the reason is that I did not hear of it so often as I did of the other, which is a curious one composed by a poor Indian woman. This is the part of it he taught her:—

“I am glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory;

When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory;
Then praise my Saviour and my King
Like those who dwell in glory."

He made her repeat this over once or twice, and sang it for her, for he was very fond of it himself, and as he found she was quite delighted, he went on to teach her two verses of the Bible, which he told her were still better to know and to remember. The verses he taught her were these: "Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me;" and "He shall carry the lambs in his bosom."

Now it does seem strange that this young man should be left so long waiting there with only this child with him, but certainly either the gentleman forgot he was waiting, or else the child was allowed purposely to go in until he was ready to attend to the business: however it was, they were left nearly an hour alone together. At last the gentleman came in, and he smiled to see

his little girl, and told her to run away, and then they went on with their business. It was not concluded however, and the young man was desired to call again in a few days.

When he came again, the gentleman was once more in some way engaged, and he was put into the same room he had been in before, and requested to wait. He was not, however, many minutes there, before the door was thrown open at once, and the little girl came running in so fast she never stopped to shut it. She put her hands before her laughing face, and running on in that way, she laid her hands and face both upon his knees, and thus repeated in eager and joyful tones :—

“I am glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.
’Tis glory’s foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory;
Then praise my Saviour and my King
Like those who dwell in glory.”

And then “Suffer little children to come un-

to me." "He shall carry the lambs in his bosom."

You may think how pleased the good young man was, to hear his whole lesson thus remembered ; he lifted the sweet child into his arms and kissed her, and I am sure he prayed in his heart that Jesus would suffer *her* to come to him, and would make *her* one of his lambs who should be safe in his love while in a naughty world, and be taken to his bosom for ever.

"Tell me more pretty verses about Jesus," said the dear little girl ; and her new friend was delighted to do so, and was also glad that he had brought a little book of hymns, which he gave her, and told her to ask her mamma to teach her some, and to read her more pretty verses about Jesus.

Some weeks after this it was once more necessary that this young man should go to the same house, and as this would probably be the last time he should be sent there, he was quite desirous to see the child, for whom he felt a very uncommon fondness ;

and he did so, for the gentleman being out of town the lady of the house came down to receive his message, and brought her little girl with her.

She instantly ran to her friend, and jumping round him full of life and glee, as she always was, she began to repeat her verses. The young man was not quite sure whether her mamma would be pleased with what he had done, and the fondness he showed for her child; but she received him very kindly, and thanked him for his attention to her, saying that the pleasure she took in what he had taught her was really astonishing to her, that she was continually begging her to read the verses and hymns she had learned, and to teach her others, and that she would be much obliged if he would show her what the child meant.

The young man, who always carried a bible in his pocket, drew it out, and while the little creature was leaping up from the floor with delight, he showed her mamma the passages and spoke to her a few minutes

on the subject, and then he kissed the lovely child, and told her he hoped she never would forget what she had learned, but would try to know more and more : and so he went away, and I think for nearly six months he never saw or heard anything of his little pet.

He did not, however, forget her, and two or three times when he passed near her father's house, he wished very much to call and see her ; but as he had no business to speak about, he thought it would be taking too great a liberty, and so he did not do so.

When nearly six months, as I said before, had passed away, he was one evening in the same street, and he became so very anxious to see his little favorite, that he felt as if he could not pass the door ; and so at last he rung the bell, and determined he would ask for the lady, as she had seemed pleased with the notice he bestowed on her child.

The servant who opened the door said she was at home, but was not certain if she

could see any one; he was, however, invited in, and sent up his name.

He stayed some time in the room where he had first seen the little girl; but she did not come peeping in at the door, and playing her little tricks to engage his notice; neither did she come running, with every feature and every movement breathing life and joy, to throw herself on his knees, and delight him with her sweet little voice lisping out the words he loved to hear.

In a short time her mamma came down, and her eyes were heavy with recent weeping, and when she saw him, the tears burst forth afresh. "O! sir," she cried, "my child!"

The young man had arisen and stood staring at her, but could not say a word; he knew something was the matter, and he loved that child very fondly. He grew pale, and the lady put her handkerchief over her face, and asked, "Will you see her?"

The young man bent his head, for the

sudden emotion made him feel as if choking, so that he could not speak. The lady went on first, and he followed her up stairs, and they came to a long passage, and at the further end of it a door stood open, and the young man heard from it a sweet but rather wild voice singing something he knew. He stopped at that open door, for just opposite to it there was a little bed, from which the curtains were put back to admit the air, and sitting up in the middle of that bed was the dear little girl. Her face was very red, for she was in a high fever; her cap was off, and her beautiful hair was all matted, and tossed over her neck and partly over her face; her little burning hands were every now and then pressed open upon the bedclothes, and again clasped together; she was quite delirious from the raging fever, and did not know any one or anything; but it was sweet while very sorrowful to hear her infant voice still singing, "glory, glory, glory."

While she was delirious her mind still dwelt on what she had thought most of, and so she continued unconsciously to say or sing her hymns, and repeat her verses of the Bible. She would sing sometimes nearly a whole verse of this hymn correctly :—

“ ’Tis glory’s foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory ;
Then praise my Saviour and my King
Like those who dwell in glory.”

Then, perhaps, she would only sing the words “glory, glory,” and then throw herself down in the restlessness of disease and murmur a text.

The sobs of her poor mother were all that broke the silence of the room ; she was a young woman, and the child was her only one, and she had not grace sufficient given her to say, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

The young man pitied *her*, but for the dear little one he felt that, living or dying, she was on her way to “glory, glory, glo-

ry ;” for surely Jesus beholding her had loved her, and called her to come to him, and filled her infant mind with thoughts of things which it hath not entered into the heart of man, left to its natural state, to conceive of, even the good things God hath prepared for those that love him.

But this young man loved that little one ; he could not see or hear her unmoved ; he could not think she was on her way to heaven without a pang ; for we are selfish creatures, and we grieve—ah ! deeply grieve, for the loss of those we love, though we know that to them to die is gain.

He looked to the poor mother and wished to console her ; he said, “ Dear madam,”—but he could say no more ; he burst into tears, and turning away he looked up in his heart to that kind Saviour whom the little sufferer had learned to love ; who taught us by his own example to weep with those that weep, and he prayed him to heal the broken in heart and to sustain the reed that bent before the first blast of sorrow she

had ever felt. Before he went away, however, he did contrive to speak a little to the afflicted lady, and begged her to look for comfort to the God of all consolation, and to try to believe that he was still remembering mercy, and wishing to do her good.

She became a little soothed as he spoke, and then her thoughts soon turned upon her child, and she said: "So good, so patient a darling as she has been since this illness came on, no one could believe; and now to see her as she sits there while the fever is at its height, singing those hymns, or murmuring words from the Bible—oh! it breaks my heart—I shall lose her!—I shall lose her!"

He might have told her, if she had found the same Saviour she should never lose her darling; for those who sleep in Jesus will the Lord bring with him; of those whom God hath given him will he lose none, but raise them up at the last day—then shall his people be "ALL ONE"—one with Christ, and one with God; one with those whom

they loved for Christ's sake, and one with those with whom they have been one on earth, whose hearts were as their heart, losing whom, whether it were a lively merry child, or a graver companion, we have felt as if left alone in a desert, cheerless and forsaken.

We may be sure the young man prayed that night for this dear lamb of his Saviour's fold, and committed her to his love and guardian care who never slumbereth nor sleepeth; and he hoped to get out early next morning to inquire about her before breakfast. But before he had gone to rest, there came a message from his employer to say he must set off at an early hour to a town at some distance, where business of importance was to be transacted.

He could not help feeling rather sorry for this, and I doubt not if his time had been at his own disposal he would willingly have deferred the business to another day; but our duty is very often not in agreement with our wishes, and when this is the case

we know which should be attended to. So he set off very early in the morning on his employer's business, and left the dear child in the disposal of her heavenly Father.

It was next evening when he returned, and as he found he could then manage to call at her father's house before he went to his own, he did so. The servant who opened the door was in tears; she said, "O, sir, my mistress thought you would have come sooner." He said, "I could not; may I go up?" She said, "Yes;" and he went on quickly and came to the sick-room.

The poor mamma was sitting by the bed, her face bent down on her handkerchief; her husband close beside her endeavoring to support her, but unable to support himself, for he doated on his child.

The pretty little creature was now laid quietly down in the bed; the fever was gone, the delirium was quite over; and she was very weak and tranquil; her face was pale and sweetly composed.

The young man went over to the bed,

and no one spoke, but the little girl looked up and faintly smiled ; he bent down to her and said, "Do you know me, my love?" "Oh yes!" she replied, and put her hand into his, "you are the gentleman who taught me pretty verses about Jesus."

"I am glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory——"

she stopped, leaving the line unfinished ; indeed the last word was scarcely heard ; and closing her eyes she lay a few minutes quite still ; she then began to move, and thinking she wished her head raised, the young man put his hand under it ; she opened her eyes then quite fully, and looking in his face, "Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' 'He shall carry the lambs in his bosom.'"

The eyelids dropped down again, the head he supported felt to sink heavier on his arm, the little hand fell powerless — and the child was dead ! The bosom of Jesus had received her for ever.

Little children, this is a true story. What do you think of it? Do you think it is very pretty? Yes, it is very pretty. Often, very often, do I fancy I see that sweet, happy child come peeping into the room, playing and laughing, as she did when that good young man called at her father's house; and then, when I think of that blessed verse in the Revelation of St. John, "His servants shall serve him, they shall see his face and his name shall be on their foreheads;" I say to myself, Is this fulfilled even in the case of that dear little girl? is she—such a little one—serving him, without weariness, without sin, without fear, without sorrow? Yes: perhaps when I said the child was dead you only thought of grief, of pain, and of the dull grave: you thought only of her being put away out of sight. So did her poor papa and mamma at first. But this is wrong; this body which we see and feel is earth, clay, it is dust, and shall turn to dust; but then *we* are with God, we are with Jesus; and by-and-by those whom Jesus loves will

come to us, and we shall reign for ever and ever, as the little girl used to say —

“In glory, glory, glory.”

Now I have written this story, not to amuse you, but to make you think. When you have read it, or some friend has read it to you, do not put it away, or say, “It is very pretty,” and think no more about it, but first ask yourselves are you like that dear child I have told you of? Has *no* kind friend, no dear father or loving mother, ever told *you* of the love of Jesus? And if you have heard of that love in this story for the first time, are you delighted to hear of it? Do you run to your mamma and say, “Tell me more pretty verses about Jesus”? Or are you a little child who has often been told of the love of Jesus, and who has never cared to hear of it; who has often been taught pretty verses, and never loved to learn? Oh! dear child, sit down and think a moment. Do you suppose that it was by mere accident that that

young man was sent to that house, and saw that little girl, and became so fond of her, and taught her all he did? I do not think it was. I think that God loved that little child, and wished her to be taught to love him; and I think that young man wished to serve God, and that he was thus made use of in his service. Do you suppose it is by mere accident that you have good friends, or pious teachers, or the Bible, or hymns, or good books, or even this little story put into your hands? Oh no! God wishes us to know him, that we may love him, and to love him that we may serve him, and to serve him that we may be happy; and he gives us the means of grace that he may give us also the hope of glory, and if we turn away from the one, how can we have the other?

Would you wish to be like this sweet child I have told you of, singing of "glory, glory, glory," until her happy spirit flew away to glory; or to be like a boy I have heard people tell of when I was a little child

myself, whose bad and passionate words shocked every one who saw him on his dying bed, till screaming at his nurse in language I would not repeat, he died? Which, think you, was happiest?

Well, dear children, let me ask you another question. Would you wish, if you were to die, to die like this little girl, or if you are to live, would you wish to live like the young man who loved this little girl? The lovely child died singing, "glory, glory, glory," and talking of Jesus; for when she was well, she loved to say:—

"I hope to praise him when I die,
In glory, glory, glory;
And shout salvation as I fly,
To glory, glory, glory."

The young man told her of Jesus and of glory, and he will see her in glory, and she will be his joy and crown of rejoicing. Well, if you would like to die as this child, to the glory of God, or live like this young man, to the glory of God, so that living or dying you may be the Lord's, then while

you are young love God's words ; listen to the voice of Jesus, the good Shepherd, calling his lambs to his bosom, permitting little children to come to him. Perhaps your friends not only suffer, but anxiously desire you to come to Jesus ; think of the effect that hearing for the first time the things that perhaps you hear of every day, had on the child I have told you of, and be thankful that you can hear pretty verses about Jesus from others beside a stranger friend ; that you can hear of his love to you that so you may love him, and thus at length join with that lovely child and that young man, and perhaps with her who tells you of them, in singing for ever and ever—

“I am glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory ;
When first I learned to sing and pray
Of glory, glory, glory.”

"I AM SO HAPPY!"

"I AM so happy ! I am so happy !" said a dear little child, as she ran, jumping and bounding over the grass of Hyde park.

A gentleman stood leaning against one of the fine trees that was close by, and looked at her with a smiling face ; and yet something of sorrow was in his eyes. He wore an officer's blue frock-coat and cap ; but on his sleeve was a piece of black crape, the only mourning that an officer can wear.

He looked at this dear little girl, as she went frisking about like a butterfly amid flowers ; half-singing as she went, **"I am so happy ! I am so happy !"** and he could not help wishing in his heart that she might always be happy ; but then he turned his

head and looked at the black crape on his sleeve, and thought that he had once, in the joy and gladness of his heart, said the same thing, when his lively little boy was running round him, or playing at his knees, and the sweet beloved mamma of that little boy was at his side; and now they were both in the grave, and he had ceased to say, "I am so happy!"

He looked at the little girl again, and thought, "Will she always say she is so happy?" But it was pleasant to hear her say so then, and he would not, if he could, darken the bright sunshine of her heart by one single gloomy thought or word. Then he looked up to the blue sky, and he felt that he too was happy still; for he had a home in heaven, though he had lost one on earth, and there his dear wife and his pretty boy were gone before him; and after a short time he should say, with more thankful joy, "I am so happy!"

Then he went on thinking, "Surely this, is the meaning of the apostle who says:

'Godliness hath the promise of this life, and of that which is to come.' In this life, if happiness is given us, the Christian can say with thankfulness, 'I am so happy!' and if earthly happiness is taken from him, he can look beyond earth, and still say, 'I shall be so happy!'"

So when this young, widowed officer was thinking thus, the little girl in her playfulness came bounding by him, and once again she cried in delight, "I am so happy!"

"And why are you so happy, my dear?" he asked, smiling.

The child looked timid, and glanced over to a seat, where the nurse, with a baby in her arms, sat to rest; and then looking down, said, "I do not know, sir;" but almost as soon as she spoke she jumped away from the spot, and ran off over the grass, calling out, in her pretty voice, "I am so happy! I am so happy!"

The sad eyes of the officer followed her, and as persons who have felt much sorrow themselves, are often more interested in

those who have as yet known none, he went up to the nurse, and asked who that little girl was ; and found to his surprise, that she was the daughter of a lady he had known some time before.

By that time the little girl was tired of running and jumping about, and she came and sat on the seat, and the gentleman sat beside her, and began to talk to her.

He asked her if she knew what made her so happy ; and then talked to her of God, who wishes all his creatures to be happy ; and made men at the first very happy ; and told her that God alone could make her happy for ever ; and he taught her this little text : " I love those that love me, and they who seek me early shall find me."

Well, after this, it happened that this officer very often met this little girl in the park, walking with her nurse ; and when she saw him, though she was running and playing over the grass, she would hasten toward him, and often walk by his side, holding his hand, while he talked to her of the way to

be happy for ever ; and said, that in the world, as she grew older, she would learn that there were many persons not so happy as she was then, for sin and sorrow were in the world ; but if she loved God and served him, she would be always happy.

He told her how sin made us miserable, how naughty tempers and evil dispositions spoiled our peace ; but that God so loved the world, as to give his only-begotten Son to die for our sins ; and that the Holy Spirit could make our evil hearts pure, good, and gentle, so that we should be happy here and for ever.

But for two or three days, this gentleman, whose health made him walk daily in the park, did not see this little girl and her nurse ; and he began to miss little Annie's company.

Some more days passed, yet she did not come ; he thought something must be the matter ; he had grown so fond of Annie, that he wanted to know if anything had happened to her. At last, one morning, he

saw the nurse sitting on the usual seat, with the baby in her arms, but she was dressed all in black; and the officer was much alarmed, for he said: "Can that sweet merry child be dead?" But the butterfly can die, and the frisking lamb—and even the merry child.

However, it was not little Annie was dead, but her poor father; he was killed by a fall from his horse, and the nurse said her mistress was so ill and so miserable, that her only comfort was to have Annie with her.

When the officer heard these sad tidings, he resolved to go to the house and see the poor lady, whom he had not visited when she was happy, but thought he should like to see now that she was in sorrow.

So he went to her house; the windows were closed, and in a drawing-room made as dark as possible, the lady was lying on a sofa; and little Annie, standing on a low footstool beside her, was trying, in her own simple way, to comfort or amuse her poor mamma.

As soon as she found this gentleman was come, she ran to him, and catching his hand, cried: "Oh! come, pray come, and tell mamma how to be happy again."

The officer felt very sorry; for the last time he had seen that poor lady, was soon after she had been married to Annie's papa, and then she was dressed all in white, and looked so gay and so bright, one would think she could hardly ever be so sad and gloomy as she now was.

She held out her hand to him, for she knew him very well, and besides, had often heard Annie speak of his attention to her in their walks; but when she went to speak to him, her heart was too full, and she only burst again into tears, and said: "Oh! we were so happy!"

The officer did not say a word, but sat down beside her; and little Annie, with her eyes full of tears, drew close to him, and putting her little hand in his, looked up very sweetly to his face, and whispered:—

"Please tell mamma what you told me."

"What was that, my dear?"

"I love those that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," said Annie.

"Sweet child!" said the officer, quite delighted with his little favorite; and then thinking it would be better to talk to her while the lady recovered herself a little, he said: "But why, Annie, should I tell this to your mamma?"

"Oh!" said Annie, "because you told me, that if God loved us, and we loved and served God, we should be always happy——"

"Ah!" said her mother, interrupting her, and sighing deeply, "that is what my little girl often repeats to me; but the verse she is so fond of does not comfort me."

"Why not, dear madam?" he said.

"Because," said the lady, "I was not one who sought God early; when I was a child I did not do so, and when I grew up I was too gay and too happy to think of God; I thought more of pleasure and

dress ; and when my husband and children were with me, I thought more of them ; therefore, you see that the verse you taught my dear child can give me no comfort ; for I did not love God in my happiness, and I can not expect to feel his love in my sorrow ; I did not seek him early, and now it is too late to find him."

" Oh! don't say so!" cried the officer. " God is not like men; if we neglected and despised a friend, when we were prosperous and happy, that friend would probably despise us for looking to him when we were poor and in misery. But it is not so with God. He is a present help in trouble. He is a refuge for the distressed. He sends us sorrow and trial to make us turn to him for comfort. He sometimes takes away all that formed our happiness, in order that we may learn how to be truly happy, to possess a happiness the world can not give or take away. Little Annie has told you one verse I taught her, but I hope she can tell you another also; the verse she told you is one

for little children, but the verse I mean is one for all the world."

"Oh! I know it!" cried Annie; and then looking more solemn, she repeated with reverence: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Yes, dear child," said the officer, who felt to love little Annie very fondly; "that is a sweet verse for all the world; and now there is one more I wish you to learn, and often to read or repeat to your poor mamma in her sorrow; I hope you will *practise* the first verse I taught you; that you will seek God early, and find him, and love him, and serve him truly all the days of your life.

" 'When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.'

"But this is the verse, dear Annie, that you must repeat sometimes to your afflicted

mother: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' "

So the kind officer made Annie repeat this text two or three times over, and he marked it for her in a nice little testament which he made her a present of; and then he spoke more to her mamma, and gave her some good advice, and went away, hoping that she and Annie would yet be able to say again, "I am so happy!"

Very soon after this visit the officer was obliged to go abroad, and he did not return to London for more than three years.

He had never forgotten sweet little Annie; and the first time he went over Hyde park, he fancied he saw her as he had done more than three years ago, fluttering like a pretty butterfly, so free and light, over the grass, and singing in the gladness of her little heart, "I am so happy! I am so happy!"

But Annie was not there now, and he

went very soon to her mother's house to see her.

A footman opened the door when he knocked, and when the officer said, "Is Mrs. Rivers at home?" the man looked surprised and said, "Mrs. Rivers does not live here."

"I am sure this was her house," said the officer, "can you tell me where she is gone, or when she left it?" The man said he would inquire; and in a few minutes he came back, and said a Mrs. Rivers had lived in the house before his master took it, about two years and a half ago, but he did not know where she had gone.

The officer was very sorry that he could hear nothing of Annie or her poor mamma. While he had been abroad, an old uncle of his had died and left him his house and property, and he was going to live there in a pretty country place, and leave the army; and he wanted very much to know if little Annie was happy again, before he left London.

He could not, however, hear anything of her, and began to think he should never see or hear of her again.

One day he was walking on a road at some distance from London, and as the day was hot, he walked very slowly. As he came along he saw a poor old woman with a basket on her arm, with some very pretty little articles in it, which she was offering for sale.

Not many persons noticed her; but at last one lady, and a little girl, stopped to look at the things in the basket, for the little girl wanted to buy something, and the lady said to the old woman, "Are all these really made by the poor sickly child who lives up there?"

"Indeed they are, ma'am," said the woman.

"Dear! how tired she must be!" said the little girl.

"She never complains, miss," said the old woman; "she is always cheerful and smiling, and says she is always happy."

The officer turned round, and looked at the old woman with the basket, for her last words made him think of little Annie.

"Please to buy anything, sir?" said the basket-carrier, courtesying, for she thought he looked as if he was kind and good; and she held up a very pretty marker; the officer was not going to buy anything, but he looked at the marker, and, to his great surprise, this verse was very neatly stitched upon it: "I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me."

"Who made this?" he cried.

The woman was silent, for she did not know whether she might tell; at last she said:—

"A young lady who is sickly, and does it to help her poor mother, who is a widow, God help her, and the sweet little miss."

"Is her name Annie Rivers?" said the officer impatiently.

"Well, sir, it is," said she.

"Where does she live—pray show me

the house," he added; "I am an old friend of hers, and have been looking for her."

The old woman very gladly took him up to the house, for she thought that some good might now be coming to the sweet girl and her mother, who employed her.

It was a very poor cottage, with a little wicket before it; and when the officer thought of the nice house Mrs. Rivers had lived in near the park, he was astonished and sorry.

He went straight into a little room, the door of which was open, and at the further end was a small couch, and sitting with her feet upon it, and a pillow at her back, was a pale sweet looking little girl, busy working—he would never have known little Annie—she looked up, and knew him instantly, and, uttering a cry of joy, was trying to spring up to meet him, but he hastened over to her, and the tears came to this kind man's eyes as he kissed his little favorite, and said, "Dear, dear Annie, I grieve to see you in this sad state."

"Oh!" cried Annie, looking up at him with smiles, "I am so happy!"

Just as she said the words, her mamma came in; she too was altered; but though her dress was poor, her countenance was much calmer and more satisfied-looking, and even happier, than when he had last seen her.

She, too, was delighted to see this kind and excellent friend again, and she gave him the history of all that had happened to them in the last three years, since he had seen them. She told him how most of her husband's fortune was only for his life, so that his death not only lost her a dear husband, but made her poor; and after this some of his relations had gone to law with her, and this deprived her of almost everything. She had been obliged to leave her nice house, and live in that poor cottage, and Annie employed herself in making little articles for sale, in order to pay for her little brother at school.

The widow told her pitiful story very

calmly and simply, and the gentleman was much affected by it; he thought what a fine gay lady she had been; and was astonished to see and hear her. When he said this the tears came into her eyes, and she sent Annie away, and then she said:—

"You wonder why I am so contented and happy. Oh! sir, I have often prayed to God to bless you—it was by your means my precious child was made what she is, and if I had nothing else to make me happy but her, I think I must be happy: but she led me to the true source of happiness; she sought her God early, and found him; and I, though I sought him later, have found him too."

The officer was very glad; but he was affected too; he thanked God in his heart, both for little Annie and her mother; then he said: "Is not your child's health delicate? though her sweet face is I think much sweeter than ever, it is very pale."

"Yes," said the poor mother, and she burst into tears, "I sometimes fear she is

not meant for this world—she is so good, so industrious, always working away in order that her little brother may be kept at school, and prepared to take a situation when he is old enough: it is but little can be gained in this way, but some families have got to know Annie, and like to encourage her; and see, sir, there is her poor's box, and her missionary box; she puts something by every week according to her earnings, for the poor or the heathen. She is always cheerful, has a smile for every one, and seems so delighted to be kind or useful to others."

The officer spent most part of the day in the cottage with Annie and her mother; and Annie showed him the testament he had given her, and the verses he had marked for her; and then she looked at him earnestly and said:—

"I should not be happy now, if you had not told me how."

"Not so happy as when I first met you in the park, Annie?"

"Oh! I remember," said Annie, smiling, "how I used to run over that grass! I felt just as light as the air; I think I could have almost gone up and down, and down and up, like the pretty butterflies one sees in the fields—I was very happy then—but if you had not told me how to be always happy, I should not be so in this poor cottage, and"—— Annie stopped, for she remembered that her mamma was present, and it would appear like complaining to speak of their present state, and so she added: "I do not feel so light now; I do not think I could float in the air, as I once fancied I could." Annie's mamma went away, and then the officer said:—

"But if you were in the country, Annie, and could run about in the green fields——"

Annie's eyes brightened.—"Yes," she said, "that would be very pleasant, and I dare say make me feel quite light again."

"Will you come to the country, and I will leave you in the care of my house—

keeper, and you shall do just as you please?"

Annie's face grew very red, and then her color went again, and she said: "I am very glad mamma was not here when you said that; for she would have made me go, and I should like dearly to go, but I must not, and pray do not ask mamma."

"But why not, my dear?"

"Because I must stay to work for Harry, and to make him learn his lessons of an evening; for poor mamma is often obliged to be in London all day long, and I will not leave her and Harry; so please, please not to say it to her; she often wishes I was in the country, but indeed I am very happy here."

The officer said: "God bless thee, sweet Annie, and prosper the labor of thy little hands."


He went away, but he came often again to see Annie and Mrs. Rivers: he was much pleased with that lady; he saw her patient, meek, humble, and industrious;

submitting to her lot, and never complaining that she was born to better things, and that it was hard to support such a reverse. He liked her first for Annie's sake, and then for her own goodness, piety, and virtues ; he loved little Annie daily more and more, and longed to get her to his nice country-house, where he wished to settle.

After some time he prevailed upon Mrs. Rivers to be united to him ; and little Annie became again as light as air, and springing from the floor clasped her arms round her new papa's neck, and cried out: "I am so happy!—I am so happy!"

They all went to the pretty country-house, which the self-denying child refused to forsake her duties to go to alone ; Annie was no longer obliged to work to pay for her brother's school ; she had only to learn herself ; she had nice gardens and pleasant fields to play in ; and often rode out on a pretty pony beside her dear papa ; she grew quite strong and well again ; and was as light, and almost as likely to float in the air,

as when she went skipping over the grass of Hyde park, singing, "I am so happy—I am so happy!"—for now she had once more everything that could make any one happy; she saw her dear mamma happy again; and she saw the good officer happy again; and she had learned how to be happy in sorrow, and how to be happy in joy; for she had learned the truth of the saying: "I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me."



THE INDIAN BABES IN THE WOOD.

TAKEN FROM FACT.

Two little Indian girls once dwelt with their parents in a hut near to the side of a rushing river, by whose banks they sat beneath the shade of the tall tree; in whose stream they bathed; on the green grass beside it they danced to their own wild music; and they were as happy as little Indian girls could be. Poor little Indian girls! their joy was not always to last; they were not to be happy for ever! Not in this life at least, and Indian children seldom know anything of the life to come, for they know not the true God and Jesus Christ our Lord.

Cruelty and murder are very common in India, much more so than in these lands.

Some men rose up in anger and killed the father of these little Indian girls.

They were coming to his hut, to burn it to the ground, and kill his wife and children: but the poor mother heard the fearful tidings, and she rose up from the mat where she had sat weeping, and snatched up her little girls on her back, and fled away into the woods.

She went on very fast, one time running quickly, and then stopping, or walking slowly, with her head turned backward, looking and listening to know if she were pursued.

The sun was very hot; a hotter sun than ours; but she did not mind its heat, it was *her* sun; it was not too hot for her. But oh! her heart was hot; it was burning with grief and great anger, and she was very miserable.

At last she could carry her little girls no longer; she could run, she could walk no further. She cast down her babes beneath a tree, as Hagar cast down her son in the desert, and she lifted up her voice, and wept.

Then these little Indian girls tried to com-

fort their mother ; but she would not be comforted.

And she said, "Nay, I shall go hence, and leave you, my children, I must follow my husband ; he calls me away."

Now the customs of unchristian India compel a widow to burn herself on the funeral pile of her husband ; and though the body of this poor woman's husband had not been burnt as usual by his friends, she thought his spirit would be angry if she did not follow him.

Besides, she felt her end was coming ; she was going to die : her heart was bursting with grief and fear, and she had none to comfort her ; she knew not the peace of God.

It was a frightful spot where she sunk down, overcome by fatigue and fear.

It was a jungle, or sort of wood, where wild beasts hide in the daytime. And as the poor woman spoke, there was heard a strange and distant cry. And she said, "There is the cry of the jackall, that feeds

on the dead; he knows my hour is coming. Go, my children, while yet I can direct you, go forward. Ye are yet free to live. Hear the last words of your mother. Surely I have done some wrong; therefore am I punished; perhaps in a former life I did not love a sister.* Aza, my first-born, hear my words: take care of your sister Zora; she is younger and weaker than you are; be kind to Zora." Then she kissed them, and wept bitterly; and bade them go from her. And the little Indian girls wept too, and clung to her neck, and would not leave her. But she gave them some rice, and a cocoa-nut, which she had carried with her, that the milk might afford them a drink; and she pointed out the road they must take to get out of the jungle, and bade them hasten on before the night fell; telling them also that the God they ignorantly worshipped, would be good to them, and take care of them, if they went, but would be angry if

* The Indians think that the soul has lived in another form before the present life.

they did not go ; for she must follow their father, and soon the jackalls would come to feed on her dead body, and, if they were then there, they, too, should be devoured. And she said again to the eldest, " Go, Aza ; take care of your sister ; be kind to Zora."

So she prevailed ; and the children departed from her, holding each other's hands ; and their dark faces were covered with tears. The poor mother lay down on the grass, and it is thought she died there.

The little Indian girls wandered on, with terror in their hearts ; for they did not know the place where they were ; and feared to see the bright yellow eyes of a tiger, watching them from its tangled bed in the bush ; or to hear its horrid roar, while it crouched, with its flapping tail, ready to spring upon them just as a cat does on a trembling mouse.

Then Aza, the elder, said to Zora, the younger girl, " Sister, if you hear the tiger roar, do you keep behind me, and while he carries me away, do you run off and escape."

And Zora pressed her sister's hand tighter,

and said, "I will try to keep you, Aza, for if you were taken, there would be no one left to take care of me, or to love me; and then it would be as well the tiger had me. So Aza, you must run off and escape instead of me."—"No, Zora," said Aza, "I must fulfil our mother's command; I have said I would be kind to you, and take care of you."

So they went on both together, listening and trembling, fearing lest the murderers of their father, or a wild beast of the jungle, should seize upon them.

Now there are not roads in India such as are to be found here; but through a part of this jungle there lay such a road as is found there; it was made for bullock-carts, and travellers on horses, or in doolies, or on foot; and when the children had wandered far and long, and were faint and weary, they came to the edge of this road; and then night had come on, and little Zora could walk no more.

Aza tried to lift her on her back; but

she tottered under her weight, and could not carry her at all. So she set her down beneath a tree, and sat herself down beside her; and the tears came again on the faces of these poor little Indian girls, and they wept, and sobbed aloud.

But after a time Aza comforted her little sister, and said to her: "Do not weep, Zora, we shall be safe; we will obey our mother, and the Good Spirit will take care of us; no harm shall happen to you, Zora. Eat some rice, and drink some of this sweet milk of the cocoa-nut; see, it is quite ready for you—drink, and you will be strong again."

And Zora drank some sweet milk of the cocoa-nut, and she eat some rice, and her spirits revived.

Then sleep came over poor little Zora, for she was very tired, and her eyes were heavy with sorrow and crying; so she put her head down on Aza's breast, and slept.

And Aza sat leaning against the tree, holding her sleeping sister thus for some

time, all alone in the silence of night, and in that dark wood. But sleep came to Aza's eyes too, for she was also tired, and her head nodded about, and many a time fell down on Zora's sleeping face.

The little watchful girl started often, and tried hard to keep awake, that Zora might sleep on; but she could not do so. Then she said to herself: "What shall I do that I may take care of Zora, and be sure no harm shall happen to her while I sleep; for my eyes will not stay open?"

And Aza thought of a plan; she put Zora very gently down on the grass, with her head up toward the foot of the tree, and she stretched herself as well as she could over her, and covered her with both her arms, so that if a wild beast came, she must be taken off before little Zora could be got at.

Then these little Indian girls, like the English babes in the wood, lay thus and slept. O! how soundly they did sleep! sorrow and fatigue closed up their eyes, and

their senses too ; they forgot their grief and fears, and perhaps dreamed that they were happy little Indian girls again, away beside their own bright river.

The morning had broken, and the sun was up in the sky ; but these sleeping babes in the wood did not awake. Some one, it was a stranger, stood over them, and touched them, and thought they were dead.

Aza woke at last ; she started ; she held Zora fast, and screamed out for fear. She saw a man leaning over them, but he was not like the men of her nation ; his face was very white, and his clothes black ; but when Aza opened her eyes, his looked glad.

This white man spoke to her in her own language ; he saw her trembling, and told her not to be afraid, he would not hurt her.

“ You shall not hurt Zora ! ” said little Aza, and put her arms again over her sister.

The white man said he would not. Then Aza looked up, and saw that the travellers were upon the road, and a dooly was stand-

ing there, out of which this white man had come ; and then she was not afraid any longer ; and when he asked her who she was, and whence she had come, and whither she was going, and why she had been sleeping thus, she told him all the sorrowful story I have set down here.

And when she had told him all, and why she had covered little Zora with her own person, a tear came to the white man's eye, and he said, though they knew not the meaning of the words, " God bless you, my child !"

Then he said, in a language the children understood: " Aza, you have done right ; you have obeyed the words spoken to you, and fulfilled your promise that you would be kind to your little sister. There is no one now to take care of you, Aza, nor be kind to you, except the great Spirit who governs heaven and earth ; he will be good to you, and cause others to be so too ; will you come with me in that dooly, and I will bring you to another hut, where you will

find brothers and sisters, and hear of that good Spirit who has taken care of you here, and learn how to please him?"

And Aza said: "I will not leave Zora." Then the white man said: "No; Zora shall come too, and Zora shall be happy too."

And Aza asked again: "Will no one hurt Zora? will every one be kind to Zora?"

And the white man answered, "Yes."

So Aza and Zora rose up, and the white man lifted them into the dooly, and it set off.

The little Indian girls came to the white man's house, and a white woman, and pretty white children ran out to meet him; he took out the two dark-faced children, and great was their surprise. But when the white man told their story, they all loved Aza and Zora; and the white children wished to touch their hands, or kiss their lips, for they loved them for their sorrows and their sweet dispositions.

Aza watched Zora constantly; her dark

eyes sparkled wildly if she thought the white children, in their kindness or curiosity, would frighten her. She stood close to her side, holding her hand ; and the white man and his wife often smiled when they saw how anxious and careful she was for her little sister.

So the little girls rested in the good white man's house one day and one night, and they were quite strong and well again. Now I must tell who this white man was. He was a clergyman, a missionary, who taught the heathen to forsake idols and turn to the living God, who made heaven and earth, and all things that are therein.

He had a school close to his house for Indian children ; and there he took these little girls, and there he taught them from day to day to know the true God, whom perhaps in their ignorance, they would have wished to please, and told them of his Son, Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent to be the Saviour of them that believe.

And first Aza liked to hear, and then

taught Zora to like to hear about a God of Love; a holy, good, and pure Spirit, not such a one as they had ignorantly worshipped. And she would sit at the white man's feet, while he talked of Jesus Christ, who came to seek and save those who were lost; and of all his love, and all his sufferings; and she thought that the love of God, in giving his dear Son to die for sinners, was greater than a mother's; and that the love of Christ, in shedding his precious blood to cleanse our sin, was greater than a brother's, or than a sister's.

O! then how little seemed to her her love and tenderness to Zora, when compared with that of Jesus Christ to her—to her, a poor little Indian girl, who had never heard of, never known, never loved or served him!

Yes, that love indeed was wonderful; for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends—and for his enemies, and for sinners against God, Christ died.

So Aza thought; and she delighted to hear again and again the words the white man read for her, the words that Jesus had spoken: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Aza became a Christian; and the good clergyman baptized her and little Zora, for they both wished the true God to be their God; and believed in their hearts that he had been, and would be the guide of their youth. Aza was then a little Christian, and she was very happy; and she was beloved in the school, and in the clergyman's house; and Zora was as her child; she taught her, she guarded her, she loved and cherished her; for the religion of Christ only made her love more truly those whom she had loved before she learned it.

But sickness laid its heavy hand on Aza, and she pined away; she drooped and faded like a gathered flower. O! how sad it made the hearts of all who watched her, to see this sweet little Indian girl fading away!

But they knew her home was in heaven ; they saw that the Lord of heaven and earth had prepared a better dwelling for her. She had been taken from her own happy hut, and now she was to be taken from their house and school ; for Jesus Christ had surely chosen her out of the world, and would keep her for ever from all the evil that is in it.

So, though the white man, and his wife, and their children, and the black children, and their teachers, all wept for Aza, they said that God was good to her, and that she was happier than they were.

Aza tried to comfort her little sister ; but she could hardly do that. Who could comfort poor Zora when Aza was going from her ? No one but God, no one but Jesus ; for he said : “ Suffer little children to come unto me ; ” and so he only could comfort poor Zora, for he could suffer her to come after Aza : to come to him in heaven, and to be happy in that same blessed place where Aza was going.

And Aza raised herself in the bed, and said to the good clergyman and his wife, and the kind teacher of the school, "I am going home," and she pointed up to the sky: "I am glad, for Jesus Christ will bring me there. Be kind to Zora—take care of Zora."

These were the last words the little Indian girl ever spoke.

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

THERE was once a little child who was taught to know and love God—who made her and all things; the birds, and the flowers, and the beasts, and all that this little child loved. And she was taught that this God was a God of love; and that he said in the Holy Bible, “I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.” And she said this little verse every morning to her mamma when she came into her room; and then her mamma told her what “early” meant; and taught her that it was early in her life then; for she was not quite three years old: and so if she began to seek God then, she should be like some persons who rose up at an early hour of the morning

to set about something they wanted to get done."

And as persons do their work best in the sweet lively morning, so it was said that children who sought God in the sweet fair morning of life, were those who sought him early, and should find him.

Little children are not always good ; and little Minny, as she was called, would sometimes wish for something she must not have ; and would sometimes cry when she should not do so ; and beg hard not to go to bed when nurse came to take her ; and do a great many other things that a good child ought not to do : but as I said before, children are not always good ; for the Bible tells us that we are all born with evil hearts, and love to do what we ought not.

But little Minny wished to be good ; and when she was naughty, her mamma would desire her to go and ask God to forgive her ; and when she had said, " Pray God pardon my sin, for Jesus Christ's sake," she would come and ask her mamma, or her nurse, to

kiss her, and promise that she would try to be good, and to do all that she was told to do.

And she would then beg her dear mamma to take her upon her knee, and tell her of Jesus Christ, and of his great love, and how meek, and gentle, and obedient, he was, and how he gave up his own will, and never wished to please himself.

One day little Minny had a quarrel with her nurse; and as nurse had the baby in her arms, she got very angry with her, and caught Minny's arm, and drew her to her mamma's door; and Minny fought very hard, for she did not like to go in there, with her face covered with tears, and in a fit of passion. But the nurse was the strongest, and she pushed her into the room, and said: "There, ma'am; there's a pretty young lady, must have her own way, and never thinks of any one's comfort but her own."

Her mamma was very sorry; and she took Minny's hand, and led her into her

closet, and desired her to sit there all alone, till her anger went away; and then to ask God to forgive her; and when she had done that, to come to her.

So in a little time Minny came, and said: "Mamma, the anger is gone away, but I am not good yet."

And why are you not good, Minny?" said her mamma.

"Because I do not love nurse for bringing me to you when I was naughty," Minny said.

"But would you wish to love nurse, Minny; for I am sure she did so for your good? Will you not then try to love her?" her mamma replied.

"I can't love her yet, mamma," said Minny, sobbing.

So her mamma took her on her lap, and began to talk to her of Jesus Christ; and told her how he was like a lamb in the hands of cruel men; and how he loved even his enemies, and prayed for them when they had nailed him on the cross; and yet they

had not done this for his good, as the nurse had done for hers, but out of hatred and malice.

And when Minny heard this, she said, "Mamma, I think I can love nurse again very soon." Then her mamma kissed her, and poor little Minny put her head on her bosom, for she had sobbed and cried very much, and she looked up, and said again:—

"Can any one ever be as good as Jesus Christ was, mamma?"

And her mamma replied: "No, my love; we can not be as good as Jesus Christ, until we die and go to heaven; and then the Bible tells, we shall see him, and be made like him; and when we are like Jesus, we shall have no sin, nor ill-temper, nor self-will, for every one will be good in heaven."

After this day Minny did not get into ill-temper; and her mamma and nurse loved her more than ever, for she was a sweet, loving, lively child, happy as a little singing-bird on a bright summer's day, and

gentle and playful as a little lamb in a pleasant field.

One day her mamma went into the room where Minny was playing, and she found her building up a little room for herself of the chairs, and she put a stool inside.

Her mamma said, "What are you doing there, Minny?"

"I am making a church, mamma," said Minny.

So her mamma went into her closet, and left her little girl to play, without thinking any more about it.

But as the closet-door was open, she heard Minny, when her church was finished, say to herself that it was all done; and so she just peeped out to see what she would do with it. And to her surprise the little girl went in, and knelt down on the stool she had set there, and held up her little hands clasped together, and said: "Holy God, take me to heaven, that I may be always good; and I will thank you very much."

Some ladies came soon after to see Minny's mamma, and she told them this infant prayer.

Her poor mamma never forgot this prayer; and good cause had she to remember it, for it was almost the last she ever heard her sweet little Minny pray.

The pleasant spring was coming on; the winter was over and gone; and the time of the singing of birds was come. The wind was often high, and cold, but the sun was bright; the crocus and white snowdrop were seen, and some few buds were coming out.

The winter had been severe; there had been a great deal of snow; and the poor birds had come every morning to take the breakfast that little Minny left for them on the window sill; but now the little merry creatures, forgetful of the hand that had fed them, were hopping about among the boughs of the trees, and seeming as if they too thanked their Creator, and owned that

a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to see the sun.

In short, all nature was glad ; even the little flowers looked glad, and the fruit-trees on the south wall were putting forth their tender leaves.

So Minny's mamma, who had been very unwell, went out to the garden to walk in the sunshine, and took her little girl with her.

Minny ran about, blythe as a bee among flowers, calling her mamma to look at everything, and chatting away about the flower beds she would make, and the houses she would build, when baby could creep about, and come out to help her ; and her mamma looked round, and said everything looked very pleasant ; and thanked God who had made summer and winter, and spring and autumn, and caused all to be good in its season.

The garden was a fine open one ; a field was at one side, and at the end of this field there were some high hills ; the snow had

lain upon them in the winter, but now the snow had melted, and ran down their sides in water ; and this water fell into a small river, that ran across the field, and passed through the garden, and went out at the other side, into another field, and so on till it came to a mill which it turned, and ground the flour that made bread for the family.

Now in summer this was a very quiet, gentle stream ; but now that the snows had melted, it was a rapid torrent, and rolled on through the garden so deeply and so quickly, that you could hardly believe it was the same.

At one spot there was a bridge over it, and a broad walk, and the water went so swiftly through the arch beneath this bridge, that if you threw anything into it, it was out of sight in a moment.

Minny's mamma walked about for some time, while the child was skipping and playing round her in great delight ; and then the lady felt cold, and said she would

go for her cloak. So she went into the house, and thought Minny had followed her. But when she had got the cloak, she found Minny was still in the garden; so she put it on and went back.

Just as she got to the door leading into it, she heard a loud cry, and the next instant she saw the old gardener running very fast. He beckoned with his hand and pointed to the river, and then ran through the gate, and out into the field, toward the mill. The mother threw off her cloak, and ran to the river. Just as she got to the bridge, she saw her Minny's white frock passing under the arch, as her little body was borne, like a flake of snow from the hills, along the rapid torrent. The child had fallen into it.

The mother gave one loud bitter scream, and down she sprang into the river. The water was too deep and too swift even for her. She was soon senseless; she had no recollection of anything afterward, until she came to herself, and found herself lying on

the floor of the mill-house, with her child clasped close in her arms.

The gardener had run down and shut the gates by which the water passed to the mill, otherwise they would both have been carried into the mill-stream, and most cruelly killed.

The poor lady was thus stopped, and taken out by the miller and the gardener; her arms were tight round, dear little Minny, but the child was dead.

She was gone to heaven, to be always good; and I am sure, though her death was sad, she thanked God very much, for she was taken away from all sin and sorrow for ever, and brought to a place which is happier and more glorious than we can possibly think. She saw Jesus Christ then, and was made like him; she had sought God early, and now she had found him.

The poor lady was more to be pitied; she had been willing to give her life to save that of her child; but she could not do so. Her Minny was taken, and she was left.

She felt that God, her Father in heaven, had taken her to be his own child for ever and ever, and left the mother on earth to do the work he wished her to do.

She mourned for her Minny ; she thought of her loving ways ; of her goodness ; and she missed her morning, noon, and evening ; but whenever she mourned for her, she called to mind the words she had heard her utter when in her closet : " Holy God, take me to heaven, that I may be good always, and I will thank you very much."

And had Minny been a naughty, careless child, who loved not God, nor desired to be made good, her poor mamma, in sorrow for her death, would not have had the comfort she has always had in thinking of this infant prayer.

I know that little children like to hear true stories ; and I know that I like to tell them. But the truth of this will do no

good, unless little children are made wiser and better by it.

I hope this story will make children desire, like little Minny, to be made good, to be made more like Jesus Christ; who, when he came down from heaven, and lived in this sinful world, was meek, and gentle, and loving, and who, now that he is in heaven, will only bring to that blessed place those who desire to be made like him.

Children are naturally afraid of death; but this is a vain and foolish fear, like that of being afraid in the dark; sickness and pain, indeed, are hard to bear, but—

“There’s nothing terrible in death,
To those who go to heaven.”

It is only falling asleep, to wake up in a brighter, happier home.

Little Minny prayed that God would take her to heaven, that she might be always good; it was not Minny’s prayer that made her die, and go to heaven; but I believe that God’s Holy Spirit, did put that little

prayer into her infant heart, that her sorrowing mother might know and believe that the God who hears prayer, even the simplest that an infant's lips can utter, had granted her dear child's desire, and taken her to heaven, that she might, as she asked, be always good, and thank the God of her salvation for ever and ever.

THE IMAGE WORSHIPPER.

AT the foot of one of the highest of the Alpine chain of mountains in Piedmont, there lies a wild little valley, whose beauties are only discovered by the hardy explorer. It sinks down suddenly at the base of the mountain; on looking down into it, or forward to it, it appears dark, gloomy, overhung with vapors which roll down from the heights above, and, like those who will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd, screen themselves beneath the sombre rocks from the dissipating influence of the cheerful sun.

These vapors fill the vast depth of the precipices that border the valley; but the sides of the precipices are covered with pretty flowering shrubs, which extend over

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the beautiful small hills that are seen on a nearer approach, covered with natural groves; the rocks, too, that look so dark at a distance, are clothed with a soft verdure; and as you advance up this little valley, the vapors which shelter themselves at its entrance, become, as it opens, more and more exposed to the action of the sun, and, like error before the influence of truth, lighten, and change and shift their forms and aspects; lose by degrees their gloom and density, receive a coloring from its rays, white, or tinted with rose and violet, until, no longer able to resist, they melt away and disappear.

At the bottom of this little valley, a small lake is formed by the mountain springs, which fall incessantly down, and continue to sustain the bed of waters they have made, although from it again issues a little river which would otherwise carry them off.

The river is called the Oroppe; and it flows on its course until at some distance it encircles the base of a lower mountain, on

the very top of which rises a chapel, called the chapel of our lady of Oroppe. It is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is the most celebrated in all that part of Piedmont.

The cause of its fame, and reputed sanctity, is, that it contains a little old wooden image of that holy woman, who has certainly been very much degraded by the mistaken zeal of those who wished to honor her: and this image is said to have been carved by St. Luke the evangelist, and, therefore, is thought more of than any other.

It is said that St. Eusebius brought his away from Syria, lest it should be destroyed by the Arians; a sect who did not believe in the divinity of Christ, and caused at that period much contention in the Christian church.

Many persons make pilgrimages to this chapel; but some years ago this valley became the solitary abode of a young man, who, not content with a pilgrimage visit to this image, formed the resolution of remaining for ever near to it.

Jacob, for so, for the advantage of my English readers, I shall call him, had been brought up by a devout mother; and having imbibed the idea that God could only be served in seclusion, and by austerities, he wished, at the very dawn of manhood, the age of three or four-and-twenty, to quit the world and become a monk.

His parents were alarmed at the idea of thus losing their only son: his mother, though she wished him to be religious, did not desire that he should be lost to her, and to the world. By tears and entreaties they prevailed on him to give up his intention, and extorted a promise from him to that effect.

It was after that promise had been given, Jacob made his pilgrimage to the chapel of our lady of Oroppea.

Here Jacob thought he had found the spot where he could devote himself to God and holiness, as well as in the convent he had wished to enter. He resolved to remain in that valley; he formed his dwelling there;

but alas! was it to God he devoted himself? No! it was to the image of the virgin of Oroppe—that image, though only meant, like the golden calves that Jeroboam placed in Dan and Bethel, to be the substitute or representative of a mode of worship, became in fact the thing worshipped.

In that valley, among those rocks and precipices, on that mountain, in that chapel, and at the foot of that image, this deluded young man spent five years of his life: forgetting the world, his friends, his family, his mother—for the Virgin of Oroppe.

Ignorant that credulity is not faith; that superstition leads to idolatry, and that all excess drives us from God, it was not even Mary in the heavens, Mary the mother of Christ, that Jacob adored, but his own Virgin Mary, his virgin of the mountain. Day and night he played and wept before that image; his confessed faults that were, perhaps, imaginary; for the heart, in a life of idleness and solitude, will be more prone

to speak bitter things against itself; and poor Jacob, if he really knew and deplored the sinfulness of a heart, every imagination of which the Bible tells us is only evil, and that continually, kept looking at it, and its sinfulness, instead of looking to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; and to the Spirit of God, the "promise of the Father," whose office it is to "purify the heart by faith."

In a life of activity, the faults of our hearts, characters, tempers, while daily brought forth and shown to us, may, by the help of that spirit, be daily corrected; but in one of solitude the heart is a prey to itself.

Jacob had a relation, a curé, or priest, of a neighboring village. This curé came to reason with him, and try to induce him to return again to the concerns of life, to his family and friends; but all his persuasions were useless; he then tried to get him to visit the shrines of other Marys; he talked to Jacob of our lady of Loretto, St. Mary of Bologna, and St. Mary of Milan; all

which, though all images of the one Mary, were deemed peculiarly holy ; but no, these were nothing to poor Jacob : for it was the *material object*, the image ; the piece of black, worm-eaten wood, that he adored, and not the holy woman so unworthily represented.

Nor did Jacob stop here. Who can put bounds to superstition ; who ever yet said to its spirit with success—thus far shalt thou go, and no further ? Superstition and fanaticism—born of the innate feelings of religion that more or less inhabit every human soul, that “spirit” which yet seems to strive with man—are religion’s worst foes, for they lead short-sighted man to infidelity.

The Virgin of Oroppea had a suite of saints ; and these formed around the mind and understanding of her votary a cloud that shut out the God of heaven and earth from his thoughts.

To these saints he addressed his prayers ; from them he asked the blessings he desired ; among them all he distributed the attributes

that can be ascribed to God alone. One saint he asked to disperse the hail-clouds which sometimes descended on his mountain; another he implored to lessen the sorrow which his own conduct inflicted on his mother. One saint he commissioned to watch over him in sleep—another to guard him in his waking hours from the power of Satan; thus he became really a pagan, having “gods many:” his mountain of Oroppe was like the fabled Mount Olympus, the abode of many gods, where God had no place.

All this, as may be supposed, gave no peace to the mind; the slave of superstition is never satisfied: and he who will buy, as it were, the salvation of his soul by the works of the flesh, must indeed work hard. Jacob, in the hope of increasing his holiness, inflicted on himself the severest penances; he fasted, he watched, he wounded his body. After remaining two or three days without food, he sunk into a state of exhaustion, and then mistook the wanderings of a mind

weakened by the weakness of the body for visions and revelations.

He called this enfeebled and excited state of mind a state of ecstasy; his superstitious exaltation he fancied was the result of heavenly influence.

Without any one to reason with—without any object to call off the thoughts—there is no excess of wild enthusiasm to which the human mind may not run. There have been devout persons who have imagined that by subduing the body they could render the soul more material; they could see and converse with it. So Jacob tried to do; he did not, perhaps, see, but in the lack of other converse, he conversed with his soul.

One day he thought he heard a voice from heaven desiring him to go and convert the Vaudois, the heretics, as he believed them, some of whom still existed not far off in the Valois.

This voice, though only produced by a heated imagination, conveyed a blessing to Jacob; it called him from the worship of

the Virgin of Oroppe—it led him from solitary idleness to a sphere of action ; from a state of enthusiastic slumber, to one that he at least believed to be that of usefulness.

Jacob set out from his lonely valley. He crossed the country watered by the Tesino, and gained the summit of the great Alps, at the side of Monte Rosa.

Here unexpectedly he found himself weather-bound ; he had forgotten in his enthusiasm that the winter was closing in ; or else he had believed that snow and ice would be as submissive to his saints as the hail-clouds against which he had petitioned them.

Alpine ice, however, is very hard, and Alpine snow is a very serious thing. Jacob could not get on. Fortunately for the preservation of this life, though not, as it proved, for the results of his mission, he came among one of those pastoral tribes which yet retain some appearance of what we may suppose patriarchal life to have been.

A numerous body of people who pass

their lives in these mountains, feeding and sheltering their flocks in the little valleys; or, in the very depths of winter, and when the snow forbids all egress, shutting up themselves and their flocks in a rude habitation, called a *chalêt*, or, in the language of the country, "the stables," are found among these mountain passes; and to one of these shepherd tribes Jacob was indebted for refuge and shelter.

The snow fell thicker; and here, on the summit of the Alps, the ardent missionary was obliged to stop, and here for some months he was obliged to shelter, for all the passes by which he could have gained the valleys of the Vaudois were blocked up by snow.

The *chalêt*, of which Jacob was now the unwilling inhabitant, was a large rude building, five hundred feet long, open only to the south, and carefully closed on other sides by strong planks of pine, cemented with resins, mosses, and lichens.

During the severity of winter the whole

pastoral tribe, men, women, and children, were collected under the wide roof of this chalêt ; and the oldest man of the tribe was their patriarch, or head and ruler, their father, in fact. In the centre of this general habitation was a fire, constantly kept up, which boiled an enormous caldron ; and this caldron prepared, either for the whole community at once, or by turns, as answered best, the provisions that the hunters procured, or the storekeepers had retained.

These provisions consisted of dried vegetables, bacon, mutton, quarters of the chamois, or cutlets of marmot, which the hunters killed, and all of which was eaten with bread made of chestnuts, and a drink made of sourish berries fermented, which they used instead of wine.

Here a new scene of life presented itself to Jacob ; more surprising after his own solitary mountain existence. There was here employment for all, and every one was employed, men, women, and children ; for the old taught and the young learned, and

the middle-aged worked, and every one was busy. Here were flocks and infants to be taken care of; cheeses to be prepared for sale and for home use; hemp to be spun; instruments of labor to be made, by means of which these hardy mountaineers might force even the rugged rocks around them, during their short and fervid summer, to yield them some produce for the ensuing winter. Then there were clothes of sheepskin to be made, and strange rough-looking garments they are. I have seen the shepherd of the Pyrenees in his brown sheepskin jacket and his long sheepskin pelisse down to his very heels—but after all, it is only the original thing, and the superfine cloth of our fine gentlemen is only a sheepskin garment refined. And lighter articles were to be made, such as baskets of bark, and pretty little things of larch and beech, which were sold in the small towns of the valleys; and so there was employment for every one, and every one was employed; and while the distaff was twirled, or the axe

and the hammer resounded, the cheerful song was heard and the merry laugh.

Nor was riot or ungodly mirth found there to shock the pious mind of the recluse of Oroppa. On the contrary, while labor was a pleasure, study and prayer were considered duties and recreations.

They sung hymns with harmonious and practised voices; they assembled morning and evening for prayer and praise; the old instructed the young in reading, arithmetic, singing, common branches of education, and even a little Latin; for civilization among these tribes seems to be preserved like the Alpine vegetation beneath its snow; and it is not uncommon at the return of spring to see minstrels and schoolmasters descend from these stables, as they are called, to the villages of the valleys, and spread both instruction and pleasure among their inhabitants.

What was Jacob's astonishment! his hospitable, pleasant hosts were Vaudois—the people, the heretics he had set forth to

convert. He soon discovered this; they were different from what he had expected; but he did not forget his mission.

But when he began to speak of their heresy, an old man of eighty years, yet less respected from his years, than for his labors and virtues, imposed silence upon him.

“Our fathers,” said the venerable man, have suffered persecution, dispersion, and death, rather than worship images; do not, then, hope to do with us what ages of persecution could not effect with them.

“Stranger, you are among us—you are obliged for a time to rest beneath our roof; worship in your way, if you will; we will pray in ours: but let us unite in our common labors; for here, far from all the concerns of the world, idleness would be most injurious to you. Be our companion, our brother, as long as the snows surround us. When the passes are clear you may quit us; quit us, if so it seem good to you, without turning to bless the hearth that warmed you,

without saluting the friends who lodged and fed you. You will owe them nothing, for you will have worked with them; and if the balance of the account be on our side, God will repay it."

Jacob was obliged to submit to the proposed terms; the missionary lived and labored among the people he had left his retreat to convert. For five winter months he remained among them; for five months he witnessed their homely virtues; during five months he heard or shared in the prayers they addressed to the one God.

His mind, ceasing to be excited by the objects of his late exclusive worship, became calm. Enthusiasm was cooled; the evil effects of solitude were dissipated by cheerful and rational society. He received lessons of wholesome wisdom; he saw that God had sent man into the world to fulfil as a hireling his day; and to each was appointed a sphere of action in which he was to glorify God in the burden and heat of this our mortal day; not feebly throwing

away the instruments of labor and turning for refuge to the walls of a convent or the shade of mountains and rocks, but laboring in the world's vineyard as those who must give account of themselves to God. The image, carved by St. Luke the evangelist, became less and less valuable in his eyes; perhaps as he learned to form more just ideas of her, "the highly blessed among women," who was honored by being the mother of our Lord's incarnate nature; more just ideas of him, the Redeemer of a fallen world, who, though he was rich, for our sake became poor, and being found in the fashion of a man humbled himself, and became obedient unto death. Here is the grand source of all misapprehension, the fruitful source of deism: "Mary, the Mother of God," instead of Mary, the mother of that fleshly tabernacle that shrouded the Son of God.

The spring came on, or rather that glorious and quickly-opening summer which sheds its sudden brilliancy over the magnifi-

cence of Alpine scenery. Jacob stood before the now opened chalêt, and beheld the sun shining in his strength on glaciers and mountain peaks; and his heart paid its homage, not to the saint who had dispelled the snow-clouds, but to the eternal and omnipotent God, the ruler in heaven and earth. He seemed then first to recognise the one great truth of Christianity, that "there is one God and *one* Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." A whole volume would not describe the varied and numerous sensations that crowded on Jacob's heart. A God of love was revealed to him, who required only a willing and loving service. All around him spoke to him then, and continued to speak to him for ever of that love.

The arrival of the early birds, the sight of the first plants which appeared, already covered with blossoms, emerging from the snow, the hum of bees around them—these excited transports of love and joy in his breast; for these were the works of God,

of the God, whom, as one awaking from a long and confused dream, he had now come rightly to know and in simplicity to serve,

The venerable man who had so nobly reproved the exercise of his missionary zeal, beheld Jacob with affection and interest; he delighted to instruct and confirm a now willing disciple; and though ignorant himself of books of divinity, or of science, took pleasure in explaining to the late worshipper of the image of Oroppea, the true character of God which the words of his creation attested.

Jacob had to leave his retreat, but the converter went away converted: his mission was accomplished, but not as he himself had intended, when, in mistaken zeal, and with a judgment darkened by superstition and fanaticism, he had entered the chalêt of the Vaudois.

The sight of domestic life, and the influence of the new principles he had received, taught him that man's duty and happiness, as well as God's command, obliged him to

eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, either in the letter or in the spirit of that decree.

Jacob returned no more to his valley, his mountain church, and his image carved by St. Luke. He returned to his home. He commenced a life of benevolence and usefulness; restored to reason, to happiness, and to a sound faith, he became some time after a happy husband and an excellent father; and in the varied scenes of domestic or public life, was, perhaps, quite as useful a servant of God as if he had passed that life a monk within a cloister, or a hermit before the image of the virgin Mary.

THE END.

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